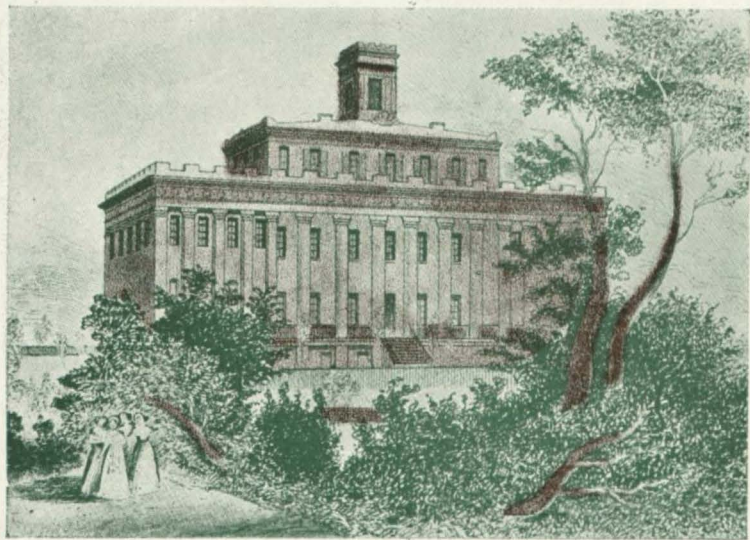


THE WESLEYAN

CENTENNIAL EDITION



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Literary Publication of the World's Oldest Woman's College

CENTENNIAL ISSUE

Edited by AMY CLECKLER

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Wesleyan's Centennial

As we recall the glories and rich traditions of Wesleyan, the WESLEYAN staff has attempted to make a collection of the best prose and poetry that has been written by Wesleyan girls throughout the years. The WESLEYAN staff work with the SCRIBES, honorary literary society, has attempted to collect the outstanding contributions to WESLEYANS of past years and combine them in a Centennial edition that will be well worth keeping.

To
MISS VIRGINIA GARNER

for many years teacher of journalism and creative writing courses at Wesleyan, we should like to dedicate this special issue. Under her direction a majority of the articles included in this collection was written. Miss Garner is a pioneer in the field of journalism for women, and it was she who first introduced this department at Wesleyan

Wesleyan is fortunate in her daughters of the past and the present. She is fortunate in her present and past administrations. May she continue to be thus blessed.

Every Thursday

BETTY HUNT

From: *The Wesleyan*—
December, 1931.



THIS is the decision of the court, John Gregory, that you are guilty of murder in the first degree, and I do hereby sentence you to penal servitude so long as your life shall last."

The cold, metallic words rang out solemnly over the hushed stillness of the courtroom. Edith Gregory, at her little table next to John's, breathed a tortured sigh. So this was the end—this punishment of a life spent behind sullen prison walls was the end of both her life and her husband's. As she thought of the double meaning that this sentence had, Edith dug her sharp nails into the tender flesh of her hands to keep back the rebellious terms. It wasn't fair to John for them to shut him away like a dog in a cage when he had killed Roger for the sake of her honor. What man wouldn't kill another if he saw him trying to take advantage of his wife? But above all it wasn't fair to her and Peter. It wasn't just to have her and Peter's love crushed down just before it had blossomed into a reality.

Mechanically she stood up and put her comforting arms around John; unconsciously as was her habit, she soothed him, choking the sob that rose in her own throat. For a minute neither spoke—it wasn't necessary. After all, six years of living together had given them the kind of understanding in which silence often means more than any amount of words. Finally they came to take John away, and Edith freed herself from his embrace, promising to come back the next day. Then dully she left the room after seeing him led away by two guards.

Slowly she walked down the steps to the street, oblivious to the crowds around her. She had one thought uppermost in her mind—to get away from people so that she would have room to think. Somehow she escaped a group of reporters and went on her way undisturbed.

It was preposterous to think that her substantial old John should be imprisoned—and for the rest of his life, too. Why it was absurd! Surely there must be some mistake. But no—clearly those

awful words rang through her head again:

"I do hereby sentence you to penal servitude so long as your life shall last." There was no mistaking the meaning of that sentence. Edith shuddered. How horrible it all was.

"Extra! Extra! All about the jealous man who killed his wife's old sweetheart. Read about the trial of John Gregory."

Abruptly Edith realized that the newsboys were referring to her John. But they were making a terrible mistake. Why John hadn't been jealous of Roger at all. He had considered him as a faithful friend until that fateful night. She started towards the paper boy; she must tell him that he was wrong—that he was doing John an injustice. But no! Roger really had been in love with her before her marriage, and Edith remembered how futile it had been to try to convince the jury that John's act was not the premeditated result of insane jealousy but rather the rational act of an honorable man. She had a sinking sensation of loneliness at her heart. How quick the world was to condemn—how ready to make outcasts of people who are often only the unfortunate victims of circumstance.

Her pace grew faster and faster as she tried to get away from her thoughts, so that she finally found herself quite out of breath. Seeing a cozy teashop in the next block, Edith turned in there to rest for a minute and to compose herself. She didn't know how long she had been walking; time meant nothing to her now; she knew only that she was tired and that the tearoom apparently offered a quiet place to eat.

"How do you do, my dear? Have your coat off and come over here to sit down."

The hostess was very kind, but Edith hoped that she wouldn't insist on talking to her.

"We have some very unusual Russian tea this afternoon made from a special recipe I brought back from abroad last year; I hope you will let me recommend it to you."

Heavens, why wouldn't the woman leave and just let her alone!

"Why thank you so much," Edith found herself answering, and the pleasantness of her response surprised her. "I believe I will try it. And I'd like tea-cakes, too—anything light and crisp that you happen to have."

With relief she watched the woman go into the kitchen to prepare her light meal. Dully she wondered if this efficient, capable-looking woman had ever had her husband sentenced to life-imprisonment—wondered if she had ever been in love with another man and quite fond of her husband at the same time. Then she wondered if the hostess were even married.

She remembered her own wedding. Six years ago her father had picked out John Gregory for her. She had been only eighteen and he had been thirty-four, but urged by father, she had fancied that she loved John. He had seemed so wise—so dear and she had been flattered at having an older man in love with her.

And he had adored her. Her slightest wish had been his greatest command. He had loved her, spoiled her, petted her. Edith remembered how every night he had lifted her in his strong arms and carried her up to bed—how he had tucked her in safe and warm and then gone back down stairs to stoke the furnace and open the windows. He would never let her stay with him when he fixed the house for the night, for fear she would catch cold in her precious little head.

In his blind heart, John never dreamed that Edith was just like other girls her age—prone to the same worldly temptations that they so often yielded to. So when Peter, his younger brother was released from the army in Nicaragua, John had asked him to come live with them. From that day things had changed with Edith. Up until then, she had—

"Excuse me, please, but would you mind moving your elbow?"

What in the world—oh yes, she had ordered tea. She obediently moved her elbow, making room for a plate of cookies.

"I do hope you will enjoy this tea; I made it all myself. Did I tell you that

I got the recipe from a friend in England?"

Didn't this woman ever stop talking? Edith looked up startled. Supposed she started in now to tell her about her European trip! Things almost as bad had happened before. When she had gone to her father's funeral four years ago, the conductor had insisted on telling her Scotch jokes until finally she had been able to stand it no longer and had fled to the rear of the observation car and the sanctity of her own thoughts.

I brought this marmalade, too. My sister in Virginia put it up. I am sure you have never tasted anything quite like it before. She puts grated pineapple and cherry juice in it."

Grated pineapple and cherry juice! How trivial it all seemed when one's husband was in prison and one loved Peter.

"If you want anything else, I'll be right in the kitchen, you can ring this bell."

And the over-kind hostess handed Edith a tinkling, silver-handled bell.

A wave of relief swept over Edith as she watched the woman's back disappear. Finally the kitchen door swung to, leaving Edith to pursue her meditations. What had she been thinking about? Oh yes, from the time Peter came everything had been changed. Dashing in his army uniform, he had stepped off the train and into Edith's heart. Near the same age, these two children had found a hundred things in common. They had ridden together, golfed together, danced together—things Edith hadn't indulged in since before her early marriage. It had been like April rain to a flower parched by too much sun. And John, unselfish soul, had encouraged it because it seemed to give his darling pleasure.

But even at that, this relationship had been devoid of sentiment until they had started reading poetry together, for they both realized the abyss they were standing on, and they had both struggled to ward off the impending calamity. But somehow the poetry got the better of them. How vivid to Edith was the night they had read:

*"Love in my heart is a cry forever
Lost as the swallow's flight,
Seeking for you and never, never
Stilled by the stars of night."*

Peter's hand had touched hers, and she had felt her whole body vibrate.

They hadn't read again for several weeks, and then one night he had read her:

*"Come, for life is a frail moth flying,
Caught in the web of the years that
pass,
And soon we too, so warm and eager,
Will be as the gray stones in the
grass."*

When he had finished, Peter had looked at her for several minutes. Then he had taken her by the shoulders.

"Edith, sweet, it's no use," he had told her. Then he gathered her so gently in his arms and kissed her so tenderly the sweetness of it still remained now after nearly two years. They had sat still not saying anything for a long while. Finally—

"It's like trying to stop the tide to try to choke our love," he whispered. "One is just as inevitable as the other."

"But Peter, what can we do?" she had begged. "There is John, you know. We can't hurt him. Oh Peter, darling, I do love John, but it just isn't the right kind of love."

And Peter had understood. They had tried to live seeing less of each other, doing what they thought was the right thing by John. But the time had come at last when they realized when the right thing to do if they wanted to be fair to John was to tell him—when they realized that the game they were playing was nothing but hypocrisy. They had decided all this one night when John was away from home. They knew only too well that the generous heart of John would free Edith to a greater happiness so long as their love was as innocent as it was.

After Peter left that night, Edith had sat by the fire dreaming of a future filled with happiness. At length someone knocked at the door. When she opened it, she saw that it was Roger.

Carefully Edith spread a thin layer of marmalade over a crisp, brown cookie as she saw again the smiling face of Roger. Oh yes, he had smiled all right, but there had been something sinister in his suave smile that sent an involuntary shudder down her spine even now. She had avoided Roger since her marriage. He had been in love with her for so long, and when she had told him of her engagement to John, a threatening foreboding had darkened his eyes.

Since then she had been afraid of him. She had seen to it that they were never

alone, but she could not stop seeing him altogether since he professed to bring a friend of John's. That night, when he came in a sudden fear gripped her heart.

"Oh, Roger," she exclaimed, "I'm so sorry that John isn't here."

Then for politeness' sake she had had to ask him in. When they got back to the fireside, Roger started talking.

"Now Edith, I won't pretend that I didn't know John was away," he began. "I did; that's why I'm here. Oh my dear, (and he had come over on the couch beside her) don't you realize that I still love you?"

He had tried to take her in his arms, but Edith successfully eluded him. Evidently Roger had been drinking, for things rapidly went from bad to worse.

"Oh, you can't get away from me now," she remembered him telling her. "You tried to discard me six years ago, but I have you where I want you now. For tonight at least, you are all mine."

It had been like a nightmare—trying to evade him and his objectionable attentions, and Edith was almost at the end of her resources when the door opened and in rushed John.

Without a word he had drawn a revolver from his pocket and deliberately shot Roger through the heart.

Edith saw again that terrible night. She recalled the guilty groan of Roger as he sank to the floor, never to rise again of his own volition. She remembered John's grim expression as he felt the dead man's pulse to make sure his gun had accomplished its purpose. Then she remembered how his expression had softened as he came over and picked her up out of the chair in which she was dumbly sitting.

"Poor little kid," he whispered. "It's a darn shame you had to see all this mess."

Then he had kissed her and she remembered nothing else.

Almost surprised, Edith realized that she had finished her tea. She wondered how she could eat. Did people always eat when their soul's ached? Wasn't it strange that when everything you had to live for had crumbled around your feet, you kept on feeding your body so that you would live anyway? It seemed that it would be more logical to stop eating so that death would come and help you bear your miserable burden. But habit somehow got the better of you and you went on living.

The door to the tearoom opened and a man entered. Edith looked up and gave a startled cry. It was Peter.

"Dearest," he said, walking over to her table quickly and sitting down by her side. "I have been searching everywhere for you. Why did you slip away so quietly?"

He poured out a cup of Russian tea, the recipe for which the hostess had brought back from England. Funny—that she should remember such a detail at a time like this. After drinking the tea, Peter looked up at her with troubled eyes. Sensing something in his glance, Edith spoke.

"What is it, Peter? Have you been thinking too?"

Then she wondered if she had really been thinking.

"I have been with John," he finally answered. "Edith, he told me how wonderful he thought we had been. He said we were all he had to live for now. His whole life is wrapped up in the love we have for him."

Edith looked at the leaves in the bottom of her teacup. Was what she saw there the symbol that the old Gypsy had taught her meant sorrow, or was that only her imagination? She looked up. Peter was watching her as intently as John had watched the jury when it brought in its verdict that morning.

"Good-bye, Pete," she said simply.

That was all she said—all she had to say. He rose without a word and headed for the door. Then he turned and came back. Leaning down he softly kissed the top of Edith's head. Then he was gone.

For a while after Peter left, Edith sat staring in front of her. The stark tragedy of what she had done gradually buried itself deep into her brain. She had sent Peter away. That phrase kept repeating itself dully on her numbed consciousness. She had sent Peter away. Of course that did not mean that she would never see him again; it did not mean that they would be forever separated in the flesh; rather it meant that they would be forever separated in the spirit. Worse than having him taken away from her, she would have to see him, hear his voice, know that he was near her yet forever parted from her. This was a sort of living hell she would have to undergo, the tortures of which would be worse than death itself.

Death! That was something she had not thought of before. Maybe that was

the solution to her problem. Maybe that was a way out of the horrible tangle into which she had become immeshed. But no—there was John. She was all he had to live for now. Her life belonged to him, and it wouldn't be fair to deprive him of the possession he had sacrificed so much for. Oh well—

She stood up and unconsciously rang the little silver bell. In a moment the garrulous hostess came in, the check in her hand.

"It's fifty cents," she informed Edith. "This tea is a little more expensive than the plain kind, but it's so much better that I always thought it was worth the price."

What was she talking about? Oh, yes! Edith dimly remembered that she had been drinking Russian tea, the recipe for which had been brought from England or China by—was it by the woman herself or was it her great-grandmother? It really didn't matter.

"I hope you will come in for lunch some Thursday," the woman rambled on. "That is our special day and we

always have chicken pie then. Every Thursday we serve a regular Sunday dinner."

For a second Edith hesitated.

"Why how splendid," she finally answered. "I will be in almost every Thursday I suppose. You see my hus—I mean—I—I—well I visit a friend in this neighborhood then."

She had remembered that Thursday was visitor's day at the prison. Every Thursday—chicken; every Thursday—John. As Edith opened the outer door in front of her, it was not the dark street that she saw, but the dark years stretching out before her. Years and years of monotony with nothing to break it but a chance glimpse of Peter now and then. Years and years of adaptation, trying to change the sharp pain in her heart to only a dull ache.

She saw in her future nothing to live for—absolutely nothing. Everything seemed so trivial, so lifeless.

Softly she closed the door behind her. Every Thursday—chicken; Every Thursday—John.

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Wesleyan Anthology

Compiled by the Scribes and Wesleyan Staff

SUNSET REVERIE

*When in the gloaming of a busy day
I seek forgetting in the Western sky
And watch a world all bathed in purple
mist*

*Sink low beneath the sun's deft tracery,
The vague unrest and longings sore
are stilled;*

*The cares of day sink into nothingness.
The one desire with which my soul is
filled,*

*Is for a pure heart to enjoy this bliss.
Then does the artist soul within me bend
In awe before this token of God's love.*

*Why must the brooding, jealous night
erase*

*This canvas wrought by unseen Hands
above?*

*If eyes beheld but one long sunset sky
Life would be dull, day but monotony!*

Louise Withington, '21.
(Mrs. George Fox)

JIM

*Thar's a cabin up yon on that zigzag-
gin' trail*

*'Tisn't much fer to look at, I know;
Why, the chimney's a mud one, an'
windys jes' two,*

*With some squeaky ole planks fer the
flo'.*

*But that cabin's my home an' I love it
fer that;*

*Love the woman o' mine an' my Jim;
Love his eyes, blue like her'n, with her
same twinklin smile
An' them two little chub-fists o' him.*

*An' the parson must know what my
folks mean ter me
'Cause he tells me in prayer an' in
hymn*

*Ter believe that our Father in heaven
loves me*

Jes' the same as I'm lovin' my Jim.

*Now I see what he means when he says
"God is love."*

*An' he says we're to live all fer Him.
So these hills is to watch us both live
like we ought*

*'Cause He loves us the way we love
Jim.*

Fannie Belle Outler, '23.

TO WESLEYAN

*Across the four score winters that have
fled*

*An echo comes to us of voices dead—
Thy first fair daughters who in mem-
ory still*

*Live now, Oh Wesleyan, on thy An-
cient hill!*

*Thy towers where the Past is lingering
on*

*Still breathe a fragrance of the years
long gone;*

*And as we view the dreams our
hearts hold fast,*

*The living, lasting glories of thy past,
We honor each tradition that appears
Oh, thou great Wesleyan of the Yester-
years!*

The picture fades, vanishes away.

We see instead, thy beauties of today.

*Thy lawns and gardens decked with
roses fair,*

*The spirit of true friendship resting
there;*

*The duties we have answered, and the
score*

*Of pleasures we have known within thy
door—*

*Nor time nor change whatever change
may be*

Can ever touch our loyalty to thee.

*More blest than in the years that passed
away*

*Oh, thou great Wesleyan of the Present
day.*

*From out the vale of things we cannot
see*

*There comes a whisper of the years to be
A promise that thy future shall be far
Far greater than thy Past and Present
are!*

*A voice that says thy fame shall be un-
furled*

*And spread abroad through all the lis-
tening world,*

*And from thy history of the long ago
And from our loyalty to days we
know*

*Our dreams and longings ever turn to
thee*

*Thou Greater Wesleyan of the years to
be.*

Eunice Thomson '25.

SPRING

*Like a butterfly emerging
From her chrysalis in spring,
Suddenly from dead brown winter
Bursts a green and silver wing.*

*Then another quickly follows
E'er she poises in mid-air;
And the south wind gently fans her
Emerald leaf-wings fresh and fair.*

*What a bright and glorious creature
Granted life so brief but sweet,
For with first approach of summer
Springtime's task is all complete.*

*E'er the growing things can miss her
Spring steals silently away,
And the world n'er stops to wonder
Whither vanished blithesome May.*

Virginia L. Dozier, '25.

SILENCES

God give us silences:

*The silence of a great crowd,
Breathless, waiting, still,
Filled with the ache and throb of a
thousand hearts.*

*The close silence of a narrow place
Filled with the exhausting presence of
a stifled soul
Beating back the walls.*

*The icy, gray silence of early morning
That freezes the revelrous midnight
streets
Into grim self-respect.*

*The calm blue silence of far mountains
Filled with God.*

Mamie Harmon, '26.

I WOULD BUILD A HOUSE

*I would have two columns carved,
And I would have a curving stair,
And a lacquered cabinet
Beside a Spanish chair.
And I would have some Hindu's god,
A rug, or some old Persian shah,
And red, red roses red
Flaming in a crystal jar.
And I'll not have the corner's gloom,
Nor shadows, no, not one,
But glint of brass, and satin's sheen
Resplendant in the sun.
And to whose knock shall my door be
spread?*

*With whom shall I my beauties share?
Why, Love himself shall be my guest
And greet me from my winding stair.*

Katherine Catchings, '27.

THE LONELY HOUSE

*On the top of a mountain that kisses the
sky
There's a little old house with a road
running by.
It is crumbled and fallen, its windows
are gone
With the panes that once sparkled
with day's early dawn.
Its floors are dust, and its steps in de-
cay
And its walls of brown logs have rotted
away—
But still in the dust the little house
dreams
And the birds sing in tune with the
babbling streams;
For it holds in its heart the secret of
love,
And it gazes in awe on the world from
above.
For the master who built it worshiped
his gold
And no love brought him there for the
house to enfold.
And the house still waits though its
framework is gone
For the gladness and newness of love
to be born—*

*Though its boards are all scattered—
its life torn apart
There's still a love dream in its lonely
old heart.*

Dorothy McKay, '28.
(Mrs. W. W. Bollindonk).

THE GARDEN OF YESTERDAY

*Who left this gate ajar? How many
years
Has it been standing thus on rusty
hinge,
With broken latch and palings half de-
cayed?
Who was the last to walk between the
fringe
Of lilac blooms and down the crooked
path
Between whose crumbling brick
The moss grows thick?
Bright meadow-weed crowds close along
its borders now.
But I remember how
The violet bushes grew in even rows
Along each side; I see them bloom
again—
Red roses here, and there a star-flow-
ered vine.
Here are the shells and curious rocks
that lined
A plot of red verbena; there wisteria
climbed*

*And next a yellow rose, japonica,
Blue asters, zinnias, and a clump of fern
Deep in the shade.
Here canna flared, and blood-red salvia.
There where the walk turns toward the
western gate,
She planted myrtle and azalea,
And here white roses clung upon a
frame
Of painted wood.
And yonder stood
An old pomgranate tree and orange
bush—
Now in the hush
Of this far-distant evening I stand,
And wonder where those flowers are,
And if they faded like the gentle hand
That cared for them, and faded like the
eyes
Of hers whose chief delight was seeing
them there?
I might go on and open that old door
And see her stand, ghostlike,—still
guardian of
The place she loved;
But here I stop—here where the garden
was.*

*And as the dusk moves, as it often moved
Long since, up from the deep bay-scented
wood,
Up from behind the tall magnolia tree—
Turn and go on,—live, wondering where
she
And all her flowers are.
And leave the gate ajar.*

Lillian Shearouse, '29.
(Mrs. R. LeConte Anderson).

SPRING

*Enchantress spring, let me behold
The April stars, the April moon
And breathe the opiate of this night
That dawn air drowns too soon—
Oh, let me follow April's roads
Through April's woods, moon-flooded
still
And feel myself as close to stars
As trees upon a hill—
Then look into the silver east
Where night must sink and day must
start—
Let me behold these once without
Your fingers at my heart!*

Lillian Shearouse, '29.
(Mrs. R. LeConte Anderson)

SATISFACTION

*God set that quaint doll cabin
There on the cool mountain's side.
God let the apple trees climb upward
Across that grey stretch high and
wide
God made the little wisp of smoke curl
skyward
Till it lost itself within the purple
haze.
God taught the mountain streamlet soft
songs;
Taught it a laughing hymn of praise.
God made the waters catch the sunset
Steeping itself in all that mellow glow,
And for a benediction, through the
spruce trees
He let a subtle hint of night wind
blow.
But he filled the empty ache in my
heart—
Child of the lowland hills and farms—
He stilled the restless urge in my soul
When He gave me a mountain to hold
in my arms.*

Ida Young, '33.

MY ROSARY

*The rosary I tell is pale and slight.
 Poor chain of tears!
 As bead seeks bead your image clouds
 my sight.
 I count the years.*

*Tear falls on tear. About your throat
 they trace
 For me once more
 A necklace clear, that brings to your
 face
 The smile you wore.
 A gracious God, to lend a stuff so frail
 So strong—to man
 To purge a heart, in fashioning a prayer,
 Of earthly pain!*

*Until my nights have softened all my
 days
 With calm and rest
 Your careful finger each small circlet
 lays
 Upon your breast.*

*We meet in golden twilight of That
 Land.
 All breathlessly
 I search your eager face. I touch your
 hand
 In ecstasy.
 For there about your neck—A pearly
 band,
 My Rosary.*

Nelle Edwards, '34.
 (Mrs. Rossar Smith)

AFTERGLOW

*For only a moment we watched it
 The dawn of a lovely new day;
 For only a moment we held it—
 And then you threw it away.
 For only a moment I'll watch it,
 This aching afterglow—
 God grant in the name of heaven
 That it take but a moment to go.
 Elizabeth Moseley, '35.*

SUPPLICATION

*If I who once loved mountains still
 could feel
 The widening of my soul their calm
 once brought;
 If I could only learn to sing again
 The songs that formerly each stream-
 let taught;
 If flowers cupping dew within their
 hearts
 Had power still to quiet this troubled
 breast;*

*If love could be to me a sweet, warm
 thing
 Against whose bosom weary heads
 might rest. . . .*

*These things are not. And so 'tis I must
 learn
 That though my eyes are blind, earth's
 none less fair,
 And man may still bow reverently be-
 fore
 A pine tree rising heavenwards like
 a prayer.
 God, beat this truth within my heart—
 that I
 And not Thy singing world, have gone
 away.*

Helen Smart, '35.

ACQUAINTANCE

*The touch of your life against mine has
 been this to me—
 Brushing against a gold butterfly's
 wing,
 A bit of moondust has clung in the pass-
 ing*

*Leaving a fairy gift—deep urge to
 sing.*

*It has been like the great ache of a
 sunset*

*Flooding the world, benediction of
 light;*

*Been like the stillness, the quiet caress-
 ing*

*Of the last solemn hour just before
 night.*

*If there has come to you one hour of glad-
 ness*

*From the companionate hours we've
 spent,*

*There has been some recompense for my
 living then.*

*I can go on with a smile—content.
 Harriet Campbell, Ex, '35.*

AUTUMN

*O! Autumn is a gypsy maid
 With spirit full of fire.
 Her dance is one mad frenzied whirl
 Of feet that never tire.*

Mary Marsh



Tangled Threads

REITTA BAILEY

Characters:—Lucille, a mill worker of twenty-two; Ken, her husband, twenty-four years old; Joe, in love with Lucille; Minnie, a neighbor, a friend of Lucille.

Scene I—It is four-thirty in the morning. The factory whistle unwillingly, slowly gives out its three weird cries. Slow in order to be more penetrating; long, to be sure of its merciless call; weird, to give promise of the miserable day of toil which has begun—three times to impress the inexorable nothingness for which they work. The room is small and dark. It is not yet day. The fireplace is smoky with crumbling hearth. There are bricks missing from the chimney, no grate, a sink in the hearth where the fire is to burn. The mantel is low; there are two painted glass jars on it, one dull green with a red flower, the top rimmed with a gold band. There is no beauty of shape. Flowers could not possibly be lovely in it. The other one is not like it, but is just as bad. It is older and has no color. A toy airplane with a broken wing is on the right corner. The room is not bare, yet not furnished. It is not hot nor cold. Now it is more dark than light. The bed in the lower right corner is of white iron. The paint has peeled off in places, the mattress is thin and it sags. The bed clothes are thrown back; there is one thin blanket. As the curtain rises, Lucille is before the fireplace trying to make the fire burn. She is about 22 years old. Her hair is long, dark brown. She is very thin and hollow-eyed. Her shoulders stand out pitifully. Her dress is cotton, faded, tight waist, fuller skirt.

Lucille is at the left back of stage when door right opens and Joe enters.

Joe: Don't let me stop you, Lucille. I was on my way to see Newman's a spell 'fore time to go ter work. Just thought I'd stop by.

Lucille: Howdy, Joe. I wondered what made ye come s' early.

Joe: How's the kid, Lucille?

Lucille: Oh, he ain't no better. He ain't slept none all night. He'd jest dropped off when them whistles blowed and waked him. Seems like he gits worse

about 'em, Joe. It makes him tremble all over when he hears 'em.

Joe: Yea, I know.

Lucille: He ain't ever goin' back in there if I'm a-living.

Joe: I'm glad he wain't hurt no worse 'n he was. It coulda been pretty bad, I reckon.

Lucille: Yea, but he'll git over it. He kin move his legs a little now, and he couldn't at first. It hurts his back something powerful, though. I had no business takin' him in there. He's too little. I didn't have nobody to leave him with. Smith put him on one of them highest machines to fix a thread. He couldn't get a good hold while the machine was running. That's why he fell. That tangled thread wouldn't er ruined more 'n a yard of cloth.

Joe: Smith did git a doctor here, though.

Lucille: Yea, I paid him two dollars Saturday for telling me my boy wouldn't probably walk no more—unless I let him operate.

Joe: Lucille, ye didn't tell me that. How much will it cost?

Lucille: I don't know. He said charity would take him and I might get it done fer a hundred dollars. But I ain't asking fer charity. My boy ain't gonna stay a cripple.

Joe: I hope he ain't, Lucille. Listen, Ben's got a job now and he's taking Ma with him. That won't leave nobody but me, Lucille, and I can take care of you and the boy now. Ain't I been begging you long enough? Why won't you go with me? You could stop slaving yourself away so, and not have to work so hard.

Lucille: It ain't the work I mind, Joe. I'm used to that. I jest don't see how I can go. Ain't no use in you keepin' after me. There'll never be no other man for me but Ken.

Joe: Lucille, Ken ain't coming back to you. You know he ain't. How come he left you when you didn't know whether you had a job? No money, or nothing, and Robbie not big enough to help none. You ought to try to forget him, Lucille. I ain't asking you to love

me much. I don't reckon ye ever could, but I just hate to see you set here and suffer when I could help ye if ye'd let me. Maybe ye'd come to care a little, Lucille. Robbie and me is pretty good pals now.

Lucille: I know, Joe, and you've been good to us—too good. I'll hate to see ye go. Always felt like I could call on ye ter help me out.

Joe: Ye know ye can, Lucille—always can. Just cause I'm going ain't no sign I won't be back. I wished ye'd be leaving with me.

Lucille: I just can't do it, Joe. I reckon we'll make out. Robbie ain't goin' ter stay sick always. Things 'ull git better with us.

Joe: Well, maybe ye'll change yer mind, Lucille, when ye think it over. I'd like ter see ye do something besides work all day.

Lucille: Yer good to think about me, Joe. Work ain't hard when ye got somebody to work for.

Joe: You've worked and waited fer Ken a long time, Lucille, and he ain't showed up yet.

Lucille: I ain't never worked long fer Ken. Can't ye see it, Joe. Going away wouldn't do no good. I'd be awaiting fer 'em no matter where I was.

Joe: Ye still a thinking the same as ye allus has, aint ye? I wish ye'd go with me. I'll come by here before I leave. I'll be wanting ter take ye.

Lucille: Good-bye, Joe. (Enter Minnie) I won't be a-going with ye.

Exit Joe.

Lucille: Howdy, Minnie. You back sooner than I looked for. How was your pa?

Minnie: Oh, he ain't no better. Ma said he's drunker than ever last night. He keeps on swearing at Smith fer firing him when he ought to know he stays too drunk to open a door—leave alone walk in. Lucille, Miss Stewart was over to the Forks and asked about Robbie. Said she's goin' to bring Dr. Wilmot out with her ter see him sometime today.

Lucille: I hope he does come. I'm so

worried 'bout Robbie. I think he's gittin' better, then I'm afraid to hope.

Minnie: How's Robbie now?

Lucille: I don't know. He's been kinder still all day. He slept pretty good this morning, and he didn't hear them whistles. I don't know how I'll pay the doctor. Two dollars ain't easy to get hold of now.

Minnie: Don't worry 'bout paying him long as Mis' Stewart's bringing him.

Lucille: Mis' Stewart don't know me nor Robbie neither. What's she bringing him fer? How'd she know about him?

Minnie: She seen him 'round here playing one Sunday, and talked about how pretty he was. She ast about him last night, and Ma told her he was sick with his back. She said she'd come to see him.

Lucille: Well, I ain't asking none of 'em to help me to take care of my child.

Minnie: She ain't that way, Lucille. She ain't one of them high and mighties. She don't put nothing over on ye.

Lucille: Well, I ain't sure I want her messing in my affairs. I can take care of Robbie. I got to be getting on, I reckon. The whistle'll be blowing warning in a minute.

Minnie: Lucille, I ought to tell you, 'fore ye go, I reckon. Ken's here, I think.

Lucille: Ken! Where is he, Minnie? Where is he? I know'd he'd come back. I know'd he'd come back. Have you seen him?

Minnie: I seen him last night as I was coming over here. He never saw me, and I ain't sure it was him, but it looked like him talkin' to Smith.

Lucille: Why didn't ye tell me, Minnie? Where is he now? Where is he now? Oh, that whistle! Thank God Robbie's sleeping! I'll be back in a minute. Minnie, will he be at the mill when I git there? Robbie'll get well. Ken's come back. He kin help me.

(Rushes out excitedly. Minnie busies herself about the room, goes into Robbie's room, returns and begins setting the room to rights. Lucille returns in utter dejection.)

Lucille: They said Ken was done gone but I don't believe it. Has he been by here?

Minnie: No, he ain't.

Lucille: You seen 'im, Minnie?

Minnie: Sure ain't, Lucille. I don't reckon that was him.

Lucille: Yes, it was him all right. Bill Crawford seen him, too. Said he looked

powerful bad and that he was trying to get Smith to give 'im a job.

Minnie: Guess he'll be on by here. Lucille, I think ye oughter git the doctor to Robbie. He's had a hot fever, and nothing I done fer him helped.

Lucille: I know. I felt uv 'im when I was in there. He's still got it. Maybe Joe will go after him. If you see 'im as ye go by, ast him to go fer 'im. I think Smith'll let me have the money on this week's wages. Minnie, would ye mind staying here a little longer and let me go get the doctor?

Minnie: That's all right, Lucille. Go on and get the doctor, but ye needn't stay long. I'm 'feard Ken's gone by now, Lucille. Don't wear yourself down looking fer 'im. I'll fix ye a bit whilst you're gone. Lissen, Lucille, before yer go, it worries me to see ye grieving fer Ken after two years. You're jest wasting your love. Don't yer know if he'd of loved yer he'd av wrote or come back or something? And now he's even been to town, and ye ain't seen him, have yer? Go on and take Joe, Lucille. He can take care of you.

Lucille: Somehow, I can't ever think Ken don't love me—no matter what happens—and he'll come back to me. He just got down and lost out—that's how come he left. He warn't gonna stay here and eat off'n my money. As fer Joe taking care of me and Robbie, well, I reckon he could, but Robbie is mine and Ken's and Ken couldn't have left me with him lessen he knowed I could take care of him, and I can—till he gets back. Maybe he'll come tonight, Minnie. Maybe he'll be here! I'm gonna look fer 'im. He oughter know I ain't gone. Why don't he come? I won't stay long.

Minnie: That's all right. I'll go see about the kid.

Exit Lucille and Minnie.

Enter Ken.

Ken: Lucille, Lucille, Robbie.

Enter Minnie.

Minnie: Oh, Ken, it's you! I told yer yer oughtn't come, Ken. I thought you'd gone by now.

Ken: I know, I warn't coming, but you never told me the boy was sick. Bill says he's pretty bad off.

Minnie: He'll git over it all right. He fell on his back from that highest machine, but he can move a little now. He'll be walking in no time now. Lucille had 'im in the mill with her. She had no business takin' him.

Ken: I'd like to kill Smith!

Minnie: Yeah, a pretty fix we'd be in then. How long 'ud Lucille have a job if you got smart and done anything to Smith? And then where 'ud food come from fer this baby you ran off and left?

Ken: For God's sake, Minnie! Don't torture me with that!

Minnie: Don't torture you with plain facts! A swell guy you turned out to be—leaving Lucille with a kid and no job—and now coming back after two years to git her to support ye, I reckon.

Ken: I warn't going to see her after I didn't get the job—only when I heard how bad the boy was, I didn't think it would hurt for me . . . just . . . to see him . . . and maybe tell her . . . that I've tried.

Minnie: Well, if ye got any sense, ye'll leave her alone. Just about the time she gets settled, you come tearing things down.

Ken: I promised her I would come back though . . . but not like this.

Minnie: Ken, can't ye see? She's got over you by now. Joe's tuk care of her practically since you've been gone, and it's time he's getting something fer it. Lucille's just now waking up. You ain't atakin' care of her. Joe can, and give her a rest from working. She's agoin' with him, if you'll leave her alone.

Ken: She ain't? She ain't goin' with Joe?

Minnie: Why not—what's she done? Worked and slaved and set here waiting fer you. What've you ever sent her? Nothing, and she's yer wife, ain't she? And what've you done fer him? It's been Joe who's bought things for him since you've been gone. Lucille don't know half Joe's done fer her. And what are you to her? Nothing.

Ken: I ain't been nothing to her. But Robbie, Robbie's . . .

Minnie: And what've ye done fer him? He's alyin' in there sick. A hundred and fifty dollars 'ud pay fer an operation to cure him, and what are yer doing about it? Nothing!

Ken: A hundred and fifty dollars! Minnie, I've tried. I've tried everywhere. They just turn me down. I've done everything there is to do and they always let me go. Maybe I can find something. Maybe I can do it 'cause it's fer him. God, there must be some way out.

Minnie: There's a way out for Lu-

cille, if you'll let her take it. Go on now, Ken. Don't let her see you again. There's nothing you can do for her now. Go on before she gits back.

Ken: . . . I'll go, Minnie. Just tell her I didn't come. . . . Tell her I didn't keep my promise that no matter where I was or what happened to me I would be back to her this night. I gotta see Robbie. I won't touch him—I won't wake him.

(Ken goes to Robbie's room out door left. As he passes the mantel he picks up a tiny silver airplane of Robbie's, looks at it, then takes it out with him. He had hardly got there when Minnie goes to the door and calls to him).

Minnie: Ken, Lucille is coming by the front way.

(She closes the door and comes back to center of stage. Lucille enters from door). (Center back stage).

Minnie: Wouldn't the doctor come, Lucille?

Lucille: Naw, said he couldn't do nuthin' fer 'im lest he operated. He said him having such a hot fever warn't no more'n he expected. He give me these pills to give him to help 'im get well—what was that Minnie?

Minnie: What'd yer hear, Lucille?

Lucille: Nothing, I don't reckon. Sounded like the window to Robbie's room, but don't reckon it was. Ken ain't been, is he?

Minnie: Naw, Lucille, he ain't. I reckon he's gone fer sure by now, and I'm purty shore he ain't coming back.

Lucille: I don't know, Minnie. As long as I've got Robbie, I know I got Ken and he's got me. He ain't a-for-gittin' no mor'n I am, I know. I just wonder where he is so long.

Minnie: He ain't worth yer worryin' fer, Lucille. Well, I'll be goin' up to see my folks, Lucille. I'll be back to stay the night. Don't reckon anybody'll be by.

Lucille: I'll be all right, Minnie. I'm just goin' to wait up a spell.

Exit Minnie.

Lucille: You didn't come back, Kenny. You didn't keep your promise to me. Whether you'd won or failed ye'd be back. How can I work it out by myself? Oh, Kenny, I can't do it by myself! I could never get it straight. . . . Kenny . . . it's like them tangled threads, and I can't get 'em straight without you, Kenny.

SCENE II

Same as Scene I

(Minnie and Joe are seated on either side of the table).

Minnie: I'm glad ye come, Joe. Lucille's been worse than anybody I ever seed. She don't say nothin'. It's jes like she's froze up inside. All she does is set here an' think about him.

Joe: Wasn't there nothin' they coulda done fer the kid?

Minnie: Nothin' but operate, she didn't have the money and she was too proud to take it frum anybody.

Joe: But she does beat all bein' s'high and proud.

Minnie: She ain't nuthin' now but a shell. I can't make 'er say nuthin'. As fer cryin'—she ain't shed a tear.

Joe: She ain't had no easy time.

Minnie: Naw, she ain't. I b'lieve she'll go with yer now, Joe. She ain't got nuthin' to hold her here. She don't think Ken's comin' back no more. I don't believe she does. She don't never say 'is name no more. It jes' about killed her when he cum to town and never even come by here. Ye talk to her when she comes in. I b'lieve she'll go. She'd be crazy if she didn't.

(The door opens and Lucille comes in).

Lucille: Hello, Joe, when did you get in?

Joe: Jes' got here. How're you, Lucille?

Lucille: I'm all right, I reckon, Joe. (She sits down at the table).

Lucille: The days is long, ain't they?

Joe: They do pass slow.

Minnie: Joe wuz sayin' he got a raise, Lucille.

Lucille: That's good, Joe, I'm glad yer got it. Must be good to be out of a mill town.

Joe: Yer — if you'd —

Lucille: It's them machine's. I hear 'em, even when they've stopped. The sounds don't change none.

(Minnie looks at Joe).

Joe: You hadn't ought ter think about 'em so, Lucille.

Lucille: Not think about 'em? When they've took all I ever had? An' they've got me now? Then it's them whistles to get up by. Whistles to come home by. Whistles he was afraid of.

Joe: Lucille—

Lucille: Every time they start, I can hear him a-sayin', "Mummy, it's blowin' one ter git up fer, then two fer warnin'—two fer warnin'. I never know'd whut

two fer warnin' 'ud mean to me. An when the last 'un blowed, and his eyes a-closin', an' all the time a-sayin' he warn't afraid no more!

Joe: Lucille, you can't stay here—listenin' ter 'em all day long. I come ter take yer back with me.

Lucille: Don't reckon there's much left ter take now, Joe.

Minnie: Lucille, yer gotta get a holt on yerself. Yer can't go on like this. Yer ought ter shut up about them whistles. It jes' happened that way.

Lucille: It's funny about that airplane of his. You know that one with the broke wing that yer tried t'fix, Joe? We never could find it, an' he kept askin' fer it.

Joe: Lucille, settin' here an' thinkin' about him ain't gonna help yer none. I come to take yer to a new place where you'll see something else.

Lucille: They ain't no place fer me ter go. I ain't got nuthin'—nuthin' but machines in my eyes—whistles in my ears—thread, tangled thread in my hands.

Minnie: Lucille, just listen once to plain sense. That's why yer goin' with Joe. He'll take yer from this house and the work an' yer brain'll think somethin' else.

Joe: Lucille, yer are goin' now, ain't yer? Don't yer see there ain't nuthin' else for yer to do?

Lucille: It don't matter about me. It's jes workin' s'hard an' then comin' home ter nothin' that makes the day so long. Don't yer see why I keep on goin'? Jes' done it s'long. Ain't nothin' to go for—nothing to come back fer, 'cept this empty dark. Ain't never a sound 'til them whistles start.

Joe: Lucille, ain't yer hearin' me? Why can't yer leave this place? Yer got nothin' ter hold yer here.

Minnie: You know you'd be better off, Lucille. You'd ought ter go.

Lucille: Naw. Ain't got nothin' ter hold me here. Nothin' but all I ever had. What're you tryin' to do, both of you? Yer always at me. Can't you leave me no peace? Joe, all my life yer been beggin' me, beggin' me. Well, I ain't a-goin'—Never. And get out of here. I don't want nuthin' different. This is all I ever had. What I had'll do me. Don't stand there a-lookin' that way, Joe. Get out of here. I don't ever want ter see you again. (Sobs) (Exit Joe).

Minnie: Go on and cry. Yer need it. I never heard the beat! Yer treatin'

Joe like yer did! After all he'd done fer yer. He's been better to you than anybody, and yer owe him more than you can pay.

Lucille: (Calm down) Yeah, I know it. Nobody but Joe 'ud of kept on.

Minnie: After all you'd be doin' the right thing, Lucille. Ken never done nothin' fer yer. God knows you've more than paid him back. Joe needs yer as bad as you do him.

Lucille: Don't bring Ken in it, Minnie.

Minnie: Can't yer see what you'd be goin' through all the time if you stayed on at the Mill? This is your chance to get away from it all, an' make up ter Joe fer the way you done him.

Minnie: Don't yer see yer ain't nuthin' by yerself, Lucille. But you can do somethin' fer Joe.

Lucille: I know they ain't nuthin' ter do but go, I reckon. They ain't nuthin' ter stay fer.

End Scene II—Curtain.

Minnie: Kenneth Brown! I never knowed I'd see you agin!

Ken: I didn't either, Minnie. I told yer I wouldn't come back, an' I wouldn't, but I got the right to now. Three weeks after I left here, I got a job, Minnie. A good one. And I've worked and I've worked—and she's going with me now. An' Robbie's gonna be well.

Minnie: Yer never let anybody hear nothin' about the job.

Ken: I know. I had to be sure before I came back. The days ain't been easy. Not knowin' how she was—an' the kid. But I can fix 'em now. I got the money, Minnie! The hundred and fifty dollars to make him well. That's what I've saved for three months. Lucille won't need to bother about charity now.

Minnie: But - - -

Ken: I ain't seen her yet. I wanted to be here when she comes from work. And, Minnie—Now I can take her away from here. I'm foreman at the new mill in Baconstown. She can get some rest. Poor kid, she's tired from nursin' him.

Minnie: But, Ken, yer ain't let me say nuthin'. Lucille ain't - - -

Ken: (Alarmed) Lucille ain't what?

Minnie: Well she aint—She has went with Joe. The only one who has been decent to her.

Ken: With Joe? And she took Robbie with her?

Minnie: Naw, Robbie wuz took by one as could make him well and take care of him like a father ought ter.

Ken: Minnie!

Minnie: Yeah—he's gone. An' yer left her here to stand it all by herself.

Ken: Minnie! Minnie, for God's sake.

Minnie: Yeah, I mean he's dead. Lucille wouldn't take no help from nobody. Got it in her fool head you left her here to take care of him. When I think of what you've done to her, Kenneth Brown—

Ken: When did he die?

Minnie: Three weeks ago—just to a day. He warn't 'fraid to go she said.

Ken: And Lucille went?

Minnie: She left with Joe this mornin'. They've gone to the country where there is somethin' else fer her to see 'cept this house and them machines. If yer got any mercy in yer heart, Kenneth Brown, you'll never let her see you. You've took her whole life and ruin it. Now when she's got another chance, you keep out of her way. She's cured, at last, I believe. Lord knows she's startin' from the bottom—an'

you'd better not push her down no more.

Ken: No - - - Not even see her. Looks like nothin' I done 'ud make it work out right.

Minnie: I'm a-leavin' this house. I'll be glad to get gone, fer it's the worst place I know. I'm through here now. I got all her things. Yer won't find nothin' er yours around here. She burnt 'em all. Remember what I told yer, Kenneth Brown—and keep away from her.

(Ken sits silently as Minnie goes out).

Ken: (Slowly) I fixed the wing fer yer Robbie. But even then, it can't fly. An' the money ter make yer well—warn't no use. You're cured now, ain't yer? An' she - - - she's gone. An' that tangled thread wouldn't a ruint more'n a yard of cloth!—I never even *thought* 'er her leavin' that way.

(Lucille has quietly opened the door and come up behind Ken's chair. He does not see her. She hears his last few words—and smiles wistfully.)

Lucille: Ken - - - Ken.

Ken: Lucille - - - Minnie said you had gone.

Lucille: I couldn't do it. I tried, but I had to look once more—that airplane, Ken. We couldn't find it. And it's broken.

Ken: Airplane?

Lucille: You had it, Kenny. I ought to have knowed.

Ken: It's fixed now, and it's yours and mine to keep, Lucy.

Lucille: He's yours and mine to keep, too, Kenny. When you're here he comes back to me, and I ain't afraid. He said them tangled threads would be straight and they are now, Kenny.

Curtain.

Education—Empire Builder

FANNIE BELLE OUTLER

Macon Telegraph, May 11, 1921

BEHOLD the triumph of the Prussian schoolmaster." Von Moltke is credited with this sentence as he watched the victorious Prussian armies sweeping into Paris in 1870.

He was right. Militarism, materialism, Pan-Germanism, and individual and national selfishness were Germany's returns

for her investment in education—the wrong kind.

The present-day issue is one of Christian culture against the principles of Kultur. Paganism in our college, religiously illiterate masses that furnish America's bomb-throwers, I. W. W.'s, and revolutionary agitators, are among the ranks of the enemy, and the leaders of the church movement are hurling the

forces of law and order, co-operation, and unselfishness—all typified by Christian Education—against that strong, red line.

The Prussians completely transformed the ideals, character, and purpose of a nation in one generation by controlling its education.

America is going to educate. The only question is the kind of education it shall

be—whether Christian or pagan, spiritual or materialistic.

American editorial comment is somewhat divided over ex-President Hodgson's recent declaration that American colleges in general and Valparaiso University in particular are hotbeds of anarchy and bolshevikism. According to the Pittsburgh Leader a few writers feel there is a real danger that America's institutions of learning are honeycombed with revolutionary tendencies, but the general attitude is either to make light of the charges or to suspend judgment.

The average college student requires more than patient watching and waiting to help him arrive at the correct reaction to the facts he faces as soon as he begins to study sociology, labor problems, or economics. Something is necessary to offset the inevitable reaction, and it is when this rational counterbalance is lacking that the 'mental discontent of adolescence' is most prone to run into scheming against law and order. A spiritual balance should accompany the material enlightenment, and it is this principle which is dominating the leaders of the

great educational movement today.

In applying education, America must learn the lesson Germany set: "What you would put into the life of a nation, you must put first into its schools;" and also she must profit by Germany's calamitous mistake in applying this principle to the wrong end. Materialism in education should not be given precedence over the spiritual, and a great burden rests upon the churches to introduce the truly aesthetic into the idea-forming machines of our colleges and universities.

Lost Opportunities of 1916



LEAP YEAR and its myriad opportunities for the matrimonially inclined is gone for four long years. Many maidens are weeping over the close of the year which began with so many bright prospects and ended with a startling array of failures and lost opportunities.

Leap Year is a twelve months filled to the brim with chances for women to exhibit their judgment and show with what good sense they can take advantage of an opportunity for selecting from the numerous specimens offered a fairly presentable "homo" for a life-mate.

Many and varied are the reasons offered for failures in the matrimonial market during leap year. Some who are disposed to take an extremely pessimistic view of the case say the men who are left are generally those who possess little initiative and the women left are of the

"modest violet" type. Others assert that by leap year all the bargains in the matrimonial market are gone and only a few picked-over remnants remain on the counter. A woman is, of course, always interested in bargains, but she also likes to be sure she wants the article.

Many women let opportunities for marriage slip by them because they are waiting for the next leap year in hopes that styles will change and possibly the bargains then will prove a greater investment. Still other excuse-makers insist they deliberately chose the state of single-blessedness for the sake of a career.

Such women as Cleopatra and Helen of Troy experienced no difficulty in getting proposals, but then—they were always on the job; they did not wait for leap year!

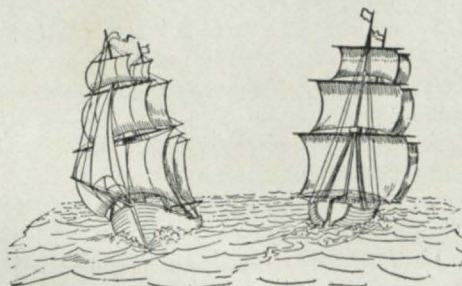
"Opportunity knocks at your door but once," says the old maxim, "and that

is during leap year," adds a disappointed old maid. Many young women now realize the stern truth that leap year does not come every day and that a lost opportunity during the short time it is here may mean a lifetime of unwilling solitude.

In the face of the widespread talk of neglected opportunities, President Jenkins insisted that the outlook is not so dark as might be supposed. When asked by a reporter what was Wesleyan's best advertisement, he proudly replied, "Fifty girls, who were former students at Wesleyan, married last year."

If President Jenkins, instead of leaving the matter to chance, would establish a matrimonial bureau, there could be no ground for any complaint whatever from Wesleyan College in 1920.

From *The Jester*
February 22, 1917.





Our Library's Guardian Angel

Honorable Mention

With apologies to Browning's "My Last Duchess."

*I'm his own mother painted on the wall
Watching o'er this library—books and
all*

*The girls that come and go. He always
had*

*Wanted a portrait of me, and I am
glad*

*He chose this place for it. He had the
best*

*Of artists—Margaret Browne. Will't
please you rest?*

*You'd like to hear my story? Well, I'll
try.*

*Few stop but for a glance as they pass
by*

*And none have paused to talk. He gave
Miss Browne*

*A tintype—See the way she did my
gown?*

The roses are so pink and delicate

They look quite real. In 1928

*They put me here and ever since that
time*

*I've greeted all the guests from every
clime*

*And proudly heard their praise. Who is
the man*

*Whose bust is on my right? Why, now
I can*

With pleasure say that is my husband.

*And the companion niche at my left
hand—*

*They do not know I know it yet, but—
come*

*A little closer—that's just been done
For him—and me. They're coming soon.*

You'll see

*Them pull a cord and then—there he'll
be*

*A perfect match for his father. Must you
leave*

*So soon? I, Tire? No, never, I believe.
For think of passing ages I observe*

*And who can know the ways our girls
may serve*

Within this coming century.

Susan Magette, '38.

The Oldest Woman's College

Jester, Feb. 1918

Wesleyan College, under the name of "The Georgia Female College," was chartered by the Legislature of Georgia in 1836. Three years later, when the college doors were opened to the public, ninety young women were enrolled on the first day and during the term the number was increased to 168.

Wesleyan does not lay claim to being the first woman's college in the world to receive a charter—that honor goes to Oberlin, a college both for men and women, which was granted a charter in 1834. Oberlin, however, did not confer a degree in arts on a woman until 1841. This was one year too late, for at the commencement of 1840 Wesleyan gave the A.B. degree to eleven women and thus earned the proud distinction of being the first college in the world to confer degrees on women.

When the Georgia Female College was founded, education for women was receiving very little attention in Georgia or anywhere else. There was no college for girls and there were few high schools. Elijah Sinclair was the man who first proposed founding a college for women, and who suggested Macon as a location. His plan was accepted and the control of the college was offered to the Georgia Conference. George Foster Pierce, later Bishop Pierce, was elected president.

Women Trustees Rejected

It is interesting to note that the first bill to charter the Georgia Female College was bitterly opposed and killed because it provided that one-half of the board of trustees should be women! When this abomination was removed, however, and a new bill presented, it went through with little opposition.

Domestic art, after all, is not such a new course. Back in 1841 the young ladies were engaged in their worsted work and wax figures, these being an important part of the curriculum. Among the other courses studied then were: "Abercrombie's Mental Moral Philosophy," "Sullivan's Human Physiology," "Perrin's Fables."

Poor things! What a blessing it was that they had such interesting studies to occupy their minds! They were hedged

in and closely guarded by the eagle-eyed faculty. No proms around the porches after meals for them! If they were so unfortunate as to be caught outside the doors, they were not eager to repeat the offense very soon. "Silent hour" on Sunday afternoon was observed behind closed blinds, and happy the little prisoner who could sit on the floor and peep through the shutters down into the street. Perhaps that custom at Wesleyan did not die with the passing of the little girls who wore the hoopskirts!

The ten-foot brick wall which surrounded the campus in those old days served a double purpose—that of keeping inquisitive and curious eyes from peering into the sacred premises, and that of keeping the young ladies from becoming demoralized by gaining a glimpse of what was going on in the world outside. The passer-by who chanced to look in through the heavy bars of the iron gates saw nothing more romantic than "Uncle Johnson," the faithful hoeing in the garden, where he raised vegetables for the consumption of the young ladies. Picture the back campus planted in rows of cabbages and turnips!

Among the interesting relics in the college safe is an old wood bill which was presented to the boarders along with the charges for tuition, music and meals. At that time the fuel bill occupied a place on the account very much as the gymnasium or swimming pool fee does now. "Charges for fuel, 75c per annum," is the item.

Civil War Period

With the coming of the Civil War, Wesleyan faced many crises and hardships. The girls were eager to make any sacrifice for the South, and even went to the extent of graduating in homespun dresses. The college was thrown open to war refugees and one of the girls who was sheltered here during those days later became the wife of Sidney Lanier. Their bridal party formed in the historic "grand parlor" before proceeding to the church.

Who would think that the ugly old bell in the tower, which has the thankless task of marking the hours that do not shine, could boast such a distinguished past as that of being one of the

chimes from old Christ's Church in Charleston! If it could talk intelligently, though, it would tell of troubled times back in the sixties when it, with the other bells of the chimes, were offered to the Confederate army to be melted into bullets. This bell was the only one to escape the sad fate of being reincarnated and at the end of the war it was sent to Wesleyan to replace the one which had been offered for the same service and which had not been fortunate enough to escape the fate.

The Word "Female" Dropped

Wesleyan was conceived in conservatism and in conservatism she still exists. Only last year—commencement, 1917—was despised "female" removed from the title. The story is told that when the petition from the students was presented to the board of trustees, asking that the name of the college should henceforth be "Wesleyan College," without the "Female," one of that august body queried impatiently, "Well, if they aren't females, what are they?"

Wesleyan Now a Modern College

The old-fashioned name was not changed too soon, for Wesleyan has long since become a modern woman's college.

The curriculum offered includes courses leading to degrees in A.B. and B.S.; diplomas in art, music and expression; and certificates in domestic science and domestic art. Graduate students who have completed the required amount of psychology, and the technique of teaching, in the department of education, may receive a Georgia teachers' certificate, which permits them to teach in this State and a number of others without examination.

The Wesleyan Conservatory of Music is under the direction of Joseph E. Maerz. The department includes seven piano teachers, three voice teachers, one violin teacher and one teacher of pipe organ, theory of music and harmony.

Wesleyan has a force of forty officers and teachers, which, with a number of assistants in various departments, is sufficient to keep busy the 500 girls who were enrolled as students in the college this year.

WESLEYAN'S CENTENNIAL

EFFIE OLA TILLMAN, '38



FOR a hundred years there has been in this city an institution whose influence on Macon, on Georgia, and on the world has been of the kind to endear it to all who come under its control and to all of those who have heard of its accomplishments and work. As Wesleyan College celebrates her centennial year of 1936, she can look with pride at a record unexcelled in length and distinction in quality in the history of women's colleges.

There is always something arresting about a pioneer which excites breath-taking admiration. The word implies courage to dare and strength to cling to a chosen path through difficulties and adverse conditions which seem unsurmountable obstacles. When the charter was issued to Wesleyan in 1836, the first college exclusively for the higher education of women was established and a new system now world-wide was born. Through years of difficulty, scorn at the "ridiculous idea of teaching women," the noble, far-sighted pioneers who founded Wesleyan fought for the life of their project.

From the first president, Dr. George Foster Pierce, to the present head, Dr. Dice R. Anderson, a long and distinguished line of Christian men have written into the history of the college reforms, accomplishments, and consecrated efforts which have made Wesleyan's past a rich storehouse of memory. Wesleyan has always been unequivocally Christian, enriching the souls as well as the minds of her daughters. Today her work is of such high character that it is recognized by all the standardizing agencies of the educational world.

Wesleyan's influence on the world is almost immeasurable. It can be seen more plainly in Macon and Georgia where generations of graduates have made their homes,

reared their families, and influenced civic and social affairs by their Christian character and culture. Of the more than four thousand women who cherish a Wesleyan diploma many have carried its name to new heights in fields of literature, music, journalism, business, national or religious affairs. Her missionaries have girdled the globe.

The movement started in Macon these hundred years ago has echoed through the world, being sounded again with the founding of every woman's college. All this and more was envisioned for Wesleyan by her first president, Dr. Pierce, and in what a glorious manner has all the system of education for women unfolded to fulfill his dream.

Eight years ago Wesleyan moved from the old building in the city now occupied by the conservatory to a modern plant on the Forsyth road. She seems to be gathering strength for another hundred years of success and progress which are before her. Wesleyan will continue to serve, having as its purpose, as Judge Candler stated in his gift of the beautiful Candler Memorial Library, "the service of God and the forming of Christian womanhood."

The great current so nobly started a hundred years ago has just begun to flow. As Bishop Warren Candler said in his address on the occasion of the opening of the new plant, September 12, 1928, "We shall not prove faithless in the handling of this great trust, for if we should pass away from the earth amid the execrations of our children and our children's children and enter heaven, if we reached that happy land, without the welcome of our Father in the skies."

Macon is proud of this specially loved child of hers and interested in its every activity, past, present and future. It can show its regard by saying in the hundred-year-old words of Wesleyan's first president, "On this institution rest forever the dews of Zion and the smile of God."

A RETROSPECT

ELSA LOGAN, '20



MARVEL not, all ye who pass by, at the sight of a Wesleyan girl sipping a "dope" or chocolate float at the "pharm" or at Persons' with a man, or chatting with him downtown—that is, if you discern on her hand a senior ring. Shades of the graduates of 1850, do not adjust your Lorgnettes the better to see what manner of beings are these who any evening may be seen holding soft converse with MEN, in the sacred precincts of the grand parlor. The seniors have come into their own. Three years ago those same seniors, as freshmen, would have been horrified at the very idea of a senior's talking to a boy downtown or going to a drug store with one; while the thought of having dates any evening in the week, and that in the grand parlor, would never have entered their heads.

Time changes things, however, and in this case it changed

the ideas of those same freshmen to such an extent that they decided the other day that there was no reason why they, as seniors, should not have certain privileges. Apparently Dr. Jenkins was of the same opinion, for he granted them.

The seniors have seen several other changes since they came to Wesleyan. Not only they, but also the junior, remember the days when the long line of college girls went trailing down to Mulberry every Sunday morning two by two, the rear being brought up by a teacher who was as little enamored of her task as were the girls whom she chaperoned. A petition did away with that in the spring of 1918.

Perhaps the one thing at Wesleyan which has gone through more changes than any other in the last three years is the mail system. In the fall of 1916 a certain personage who shall here be nameless substituted for the old "mail call" an elaborate system whereby the mail was sorted out alpha-

betically and groups of girls, huddled together in certain parts of Main Building and on the porches, waited impatiently for their letters, which they received at the hands of a monitor appointed by the nameless personage from their group. This plan was an improvement over the original, but was not so good as that devised the next year by the same fertile brain. By this method mail was sorted into three piles, one for each building, and was called on the first floor of each building. For some reason this plan was aban-

doned last year and we slipped back once more into the Dark Ages and the barbarous old "mail call."

Now, however, the much talked-of mail boxes have at last materialized, and although the new system is not faultless, it does relieve the Bedlam around the telephone and elevator and the congestion in the hall after meals.

Freshmen, take heart. We never can tell what three years may bring forth; and you may be attending Wesleyan away out in the country your senior year—who knows?

THE BELL OF WESLEYAN

ISABELLA HARRIS, '26



O MISS Julia Goodall, Macon, Wesleyan alumna, who has an article from an old magazine, we are indebted for the following information about the historic old Wesleyan bell, which soon will have run its last class for the Seniors of '26.

"During the year 1863, the Confederacy was severely pressed for cannon-metal and on this account, made an appeal to the churches of the country to surrender their bells, to be used for the purpose of casting cannon. Churches over the entire Confederacy made the noble sacrifice, and hundreds of bells were sent to Macon, as one of the principal foundries of the Confederacy was here located. Among the bells received at Macon were the historic chimes of St. Michael's church, which were brought direct from England by the early colonists.

"At the time these bells were delivered in Macon, Wesleyan College had a large bell, which was in bad condition, being cracked, but answering every purpose for cannon

manufacture; a trade was effected by which they secured bell "C" of St. Michael's chimes, and which is now in use at the college. It had a most delightful tone but it was the misfortune of the college to have it blown and cracked by a tornado, some years ago. How strange are the decrees of fate. Here, by the merest chance we are placed in possession of a relic around which cluster historic memories from the nation's birth.

"We will take a look at this interesting bell. Here it hangs in its frame by the walls of old Wesleyan. Its metal is dimmed by the touch of time. The veritable bell whose sweet notes summoned the persecuted Huguenots to the house of God. The bell whose joyous voice had sanctioned a strike for liberty and helped to enthuse the people of the new-born nation. Here it stands before your eyes. Hark, it rings, but now to summon the daughters of the South to the shrine of education."

THE GLORY THAT IS WESLEYAN

ALBERTA BELL, '27



IGHTY-THREE years ago a hundred young ladies laid aside their embroidery and knitting to enter into a new experience. They became the first freshmen at the first college chartered for the education of women just as their brothers became freshmen at the universities.

To these pioneers in the field of learning, the freshmen of the present day owe a debt of gratitude that can be paid only by striving to ever conform to the high ideals and inspiring traditions which have always distinguished Wesleyan as a leader. Were it not for the serious intent and perseverance of the officials and students of the Wesleyan of yesterday, the Wesleyan girls of today would have to acknowledge still the intellectual superiority of their university brothers.

To the many girls who have followed in the footsteps of the first freshmen—to the Alumnae, the class of '29 owes much. These women have preserved the traditions, which every member of the class will learn to cherish, the standards, which all will uphold; the exalted ideals, which will become hers, and the vision, which will become a reality in her college days when all the glory that was Wesleyan of the past and today is become the glory that is greater Wesleyan, the Wesleyan of a near tomorrow.

It is the privilege of this year's freshmen class to drink into its soul the spirit of old Wesleyan from the atmosphere of this college building of so many years of age. Take from the historic passages and corridors that speak eloquently of the lavender and old lace period at Wesleyan, the essence of the dignity of tradition and breathe it into the buildings of Greater Wesleyan. Listen to the toll of the bell that summons you to class and keep it ringing its message of beautiful culture of old in the Wesleyan of Rivoli. There is something somewhere amid the halls of old Wesleyan, there is something in its columned chapel where its many classes have gathered year after year, there is something on the campus of the historic college that is its heart, the power that binds over three thousand graduates together and enshrines in each heart a love and reverence that cannot die.

O, you who go to the Greater Wesleyan that is to be, you must carry the beautiful soul of many years, of many years of growth through many periods of stress. The spirit of wonderful tradition, you must save up in your heart for the new Wesleyan, or it will not be Wesleyan to those who have gone before you.

"O, Wesleyan, thy name is the fragrance of bygone years" as well as the progress of present days, or thou art not Wesleyan!

A Red Head's Will

A Story of the First Women's College

HELEN PAFFORD, '36



MARSE GRALEY had ridden up to the front gate with the bishop and had been talking with him very cordially when all of a sudden the bishop said something that made the Mas'er so mad he spurred his horse and almost fell off when the horse reared up. Mirandy had seen that and with her corkscrew hair bobbing excitedly had slipped behind the cape jasmine bush to hear what he was saying.

"I wouldn't give a dollar for that school over there in Macon. My girls know how to read the New Testament and spin and weave and that's all any girl needs to know!", and Marse Graley's blue eyes flashed fire but nothing seemed to daunt the erect figure of the bishop. His rich black hair swept freely back from the rather high forehead and the fine dark eyes had a solemn gleam but when he argued they seemed to pierce the depths of the person to whom he was speaking.

Mirandy listened to Bishop Pierce's description of the wonderful new building and the thought suddenly came to her that she could have a fine time if she could go up to that Georgia Female College and wait on the tables or cook or something like that. But if Marse Graley felt like that about it there wasn't much chance. He'd never let a slave of his go up there to work. Mirandy listened again.

"But think how much better fitted your daughter will be for a wife", the deep voice was saying. "She will have a much wider range of knowledge—"

"If I were a young man I wouldn't marry any of your girls. Why a fellow couldn't even build a pig pen without his wife saying it wasn't built according to mathematical proportions," and Marse Graley stood up in his stirrups to give emphasis to his words. Bishop Pierce refused to argue longer and with a kindly wish he started off down the road. Looking up Mirandy saw Miss Louisa's best beau galloping down the road, so she moved around toward the

back of the house to sit and think on the steps.

If Marse Graley would just send Miss Louisa to that school he'd most likely let her go too—just to be sure nothing happened to his "red-headed imp" as he called his favorite daughter. Nobody could understand why Marse Graley was such a fool about Miss Louisa when he had three other daughters who did exactly as they should. They never ruffled their long smooth curls by romping with the dogs or spoiled the delicate scent of lavender by rushing out in their fresh muslin dresses, to see if the new colt was walking any better.

Marie, the one just younger than Louisa, was the perfect lady of the house—a delicate, fragile, perfect piece of humanity upon whom men and women looked as the ideal daughter. As for the younger girls, they adored Louisa but looked upon her as though she belonged in another world—ardently worshipping her yet hardly hoping to be like her. And they had reason to adore Louisa—the belle of every ball, the toast of every feast, unequalled within the state for flashing wit, clever retorts that even the most profound men of her day appreciated, and a vivid beauty enliven-

ed by her almost flaming hair, and eyes as flashing as her father's.

Mirandy got the yard broom and started around the house to sweep the front yard. As she passed the veranda she heard Miss Louisa say:

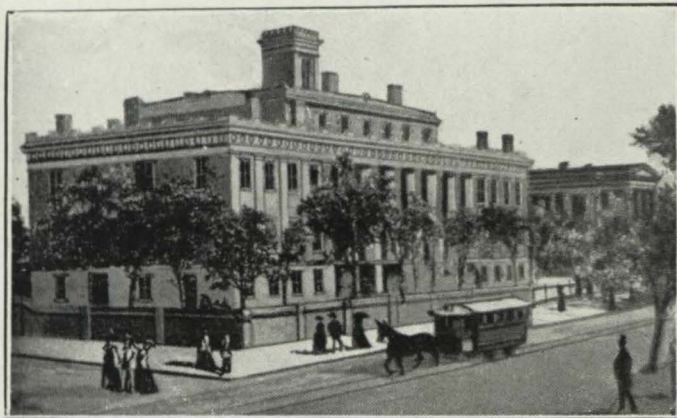
"There's nothing else to do here any longer and if George wants me to marry him, I will."

"Young lady, have you forgotten that I am your father and that you cannot marry without my consent?" Blue eyes flashed fire into blue eyes and behind each there was a will as strong as steel. Two little sisters listened with wide-eyed astonishment that even Louisa would think of marrying without father's approval.

Mirandy went on sweeping across to the other side. When she came back the conversation had changed to another subject but still the two wills fought. This time Marse Graley was giving an eloquent, fiery defense of the woman's place in the world.

"Never," he growled into his beard. "That college is no place for a decent girl. You know enough. You can be a better wife now than any graduate of that school."

"Yes, father. But you refuse to let



me be a wife just because George is a lawyer and in the state legislature instead of your neighboring planter's son. And here I am to sit just for that. Whatever am I to do? Weaving and spinning are awfully tiresome when you make the same garments over and over. If I could learn how to do something else, I would wait". Louisa could usually think of a good argument to back up her stubborn ideas.

Mirandy had almost swept a hole in the ground trying to hear how the conversation would end. But it didn't end and for three weeks there was a strained atmosphere around the house—two wills, each as strong as the other, refusing to give in. But Marse Graley just couldn't stand it when Miss Louisa began receiving samples of fine dress material and talking about her wedding. He told her that he was going to make her go to college. (Mirandy snickered as she heard him tell her that. Marse Graley just wouldn't admit he was giving in to anybody—not even to Miss Louisa).

But Marse Graley couldn't tell the difference when the plans had been changed from wedding plans to college.

He stir and fluster and important just had

her—promptly making the whole tray slip and crash to the floor, sending cups and saucers rolling in every direction. That was only the beginning of Mirandy and Jim, and before long Jim was as devoted to Miss Louisa as Mirandy was—always carrying a little more wood for her fire than for the others.

SCIENTIA ET PIETAS

Honorable Mention

*Through the changing eras of a golden century,
Triumphant over fears,
Mellowed by the years,
Hallow'd with tears,
These watchwords of Wesleyan weave
a glorious memory:
"Scientia et pietas".*

*Today they stand as symbols of a reverent ideal,
Sentinels of right,
Planted on the height,
To shed a guiding light,
And point the way from sham and farce
to what is true and real:
"Scientia et pietas".*

But more precious

expectantly when Miss Louisa told her about the big arguments in the legislature and how Mr. Alex's "black eyes gleamed from an unearthly white face", as he gave his powerful arguments.

By this time Marse Graley was thanking his stars he had "made" Miss Louisa go to school, because he had learned of Mr. George's admiration for Alex Stephens and that just made him hate him more and promise to keep Miss Louisa in the school so she wouldn't marry him. He might send his daughter there, but anybody else that was an advocate of the school was an enemy of Marse Graley's. But he had come to have a secret respect for the bishop because he was the one person he had ever known who could make Miss Louisa obey him. In spite of this redundant, Marse Graley still fussed about the clothes and grumbled about the expense of the college to his neighbors at every opportunity.

Jim had been slipping some of Miss Louisa's letters to Mr. George out to be mailed because Marse Graley refused to approve of him as one of his daughter's correspondents. One day the bishop had caught Jim carrying one of the letters to the post office, and had immediately summoned Miss Louisa.

"My dear Miss Graley, you seem to have forgotten that any action as bold as that of deceiving a father and writing a young man two letters in one week is immediately reported to the guardian of that young lady. Your father has been notified, Miss Graley, and has offered us double price to keep you here at the college. You understand, I believe, that it is against our principles to do such a thing. But we have consented to allow you to remain here at the college and attend classes. You will not be allowed to sit on the porch at your scheduled time with the other eight girls in your group. You will be moved into the room with Miss Smith, the matron on your floor, and all your letters will be read by me before they are mailed. Your father has consented to take Jim on his place since we could not afford to keep him after assisting you in this deceitful conduct. That means Mirandy too, of course. You may prepare your belongings to move in with Miss Smith. That will be all for the present, Miss Graley."

And Miss Louisa fumed in her anger for days, for the first time being thwart-

ed in something she wanted to do.

Miss Louisa's will was as evident as ever two years later but once in a great while she managed to subdue it when necessary for someone's comfort. But when she saw Mirandy and Jim driving up in the carriage, bringing her family to the commencement exercises, she shrieked with all the childishness and abandon that characterized her four years before.

And when Jim got scared of the dough-faced skeleton in the fantastics, Miss Louisa almost ran out and jumped on his horse to quiet him. This commencement was a big event in the city—so big that the fantastics did their best and for hours the young men of Macon paraded around the college, some on big geese, some with noses made out of powder horns; and some with every garden product imaginable strung around them.

The day Miss Louisa got her diploma, Mirandy and Jim slipped into the back of the crowded room. There the young misses were—all dressed alike in white—up there on the stage answering

questions about things even Mirandy's wonderful Jim had never heard of, and figuring out problems that Marse Graley never could get right.

And Marse Graley was so proud of Miss Louisa he just couldn't keep from smiling to save his life. Every once in a while Mirandy would see him turn to his neighbor and wink as Miss Louisa gave another answer, the question to which Marse Graley couldn't even understand.

Later when Mirandy was packing up the last of Miss Louisa's things, she got to thinking about her. She had been awfully worried about Miss Louisa and Mr. George because Marse Graley still didn't think much of him. While Mirandy was taking a last look around the room, Miss Louisa rushed into the room grabbed Mirandy and whirled her around the room several times, singing all the time: "Father likes George! Father likes George!"

Mirandy was almost crying and when Miss Louisa kissed her and whispered, "He'll give us you and Jim", she leaned on the bedpost and cried.

When a Man Marries

HELEN SMART, '34

A One-Act Play

Cast

Peter—A young man of about 26

Lois—His Wife

Aunt Lottie—His great-aunt

Time: Today

Scene I

Interior of a cozy, cheerful looking home. There are many indications of a woman's delicate and tasteful touch in the furnishings. Beauty in simplicity is the keynote of the room. Peter, our hero, is talking over the phone as the curtain rises, and is nervously rapping his fingers on the table as he talks. He is a sturdy, good-looking young man. Honesty is written in his clear blue eyes, and a cheerfulness of expression denotes a habitual good humor. He is not one of your intellectuals nor "intelligensia", nor would one judge him to be particularly clever, though undoubtedly he possesses the proverbial heart of gold. A typical well-meaning, charming, and blundering male—the "little boy" kind. At present his usual cheerful expression is clouded by a worried pucker of his brow.

Peter: (over the phone) Yes . . . yes, of *course*, Myra. Yes, I love you. No, I haven't changed since yesterday . . . No, I don't love anyone as much as you . . . no, not even Lois. Yes, I'll see you just as soon as I can . . . no, not tonight—I must talk to Lois. I'm going to tell her tonight. No, I won't let her change my mind. Now listen, Myra, Lois is not that kind of a woman. I'll tell you the outcome in the morning . . . and listen, darling, you'd better not call me at the house any more . . . well, just because. No, of course I still love you as much as ever, dear! No, it's not that . . . you understand. How much do I love you? Well, listen, Myra, I'll tell you later. You see—(he breaks off as he sees the door in front of him open) I'll see you tomorrow. G' bye. (Lois enters. She is a pretty, capable looking girl. A little smile continually lurks around the corners of her mouth

as if she knew a delightful secret. Deep, deep blue eyes, red gold hair, and a slim lithe figure are her best attributes. She possesses all the grey matter and also the quiet humor that Peter lacks.)

Lois: Hello, dear. Talking to someone?

Peter: (nervously) Well . . . er . . . er . . . well, as a matter of fact, I was.

Lois: (absent-mindedly) That's nice. Peter, did you get those carrots I asked you to bring home?

Peter: (morosely. He is pacing the floor) No. Forget 'em.

Lois: (sighing) Yes, I thought you would. Run to the store and get them, will you, dear?

Peter: (turning suddenly around and speaking vehemently) Look here, Lois, I've got something to tell you. We must have a talk.

Lois: (serenely) Yes, by all means, darling. I must have forgotten to darn those socks you gave me. Or is it the button off that blue shirt? But *do* run along and get the carrots now.

Peter: Lois, this is no time to talk of carrots. This involves our lives—our whole future!

Lois: Oh, did you get another salary cut? Well, never mind. We can still afford the carrots, and—

Peter: (shouting) Lois, will you *please* quit talking about those infernal carrots? I'm trying to tell you something important!

Lois: (sighing) Just as you say, dear. But the store closes in ten minutes, and I did want—

Peter: (Sinking his head in his hands with a groan) All right—all right. You win. Where's my hat?

Lois: (a look of concern crosses her face. She goes to him, sits on the arm of his chair, and rumples his hair affectionately) What's the matter with my boy? Is your tooth still hurting? Peter, I'll bet you forgot to put those drops in it. (no answer from Peter. Lois looks at him thoughtfully) Peter, is something the matter?

Peter: (raises his head) Lois, can you prepare yourself for a shock?

Lois: Hand me the pillow there on the sofa, and I think I can take it. But don't tell me you've invited that awful Mr. Salisbury to dinner again! Peter, anything but that! When he smiles, he's nothing but teeth, and I always find myself thinking what a good looking horse he'd make.

Peter: Can't you be serious? This is something concerning you and me, and . . . well, and our marriage.

Lois: (settling herself comfortably) Well, let's have it.

Peter: (taking a deep breath and plunging in) Lois, I'm in love!

Lois: (widening her eyes) Well, I had hoped so.

Peter: I mean . . . with someone else. Lois, I-I want you to give me a divorce.

Lois: (stares at him a moment in amazement, then speaks firmly) You'd better lie down, Peter. You're not feeling well. It must be the toothache medicine—the doctor warned me it might go to your head. (pulling him up by the arm) Now you lie right over there on the sofa, and I'll fix you some hot coffee in a jiffy. (starts out briskly)

Peter: (in an agonizing shriek) Lois! (she turns around) Will you *ever* stop treating me like a child and listen to me? I'm *not* sick. I'm *not* out of my head. (all the injury of an outraged male is in his voice) I'm in *love*, I tell you. I'm in love!

Lois: Well, don't scream about it, dear. Just compose yourself and tell me all about it calmly.

Peter: (masters himself with an effort) Someone else has come into my life. I want you to try and understand. This is the really great passion of my life. (strikes a dramatic pose) This is the mating of souls—deep calling unto deep—

Lois: (softly) So it was she who called you tonight.

Peter: What did you say?

Lois: (sweetly) Nothing, dear. Go on. I'm interested.

Peter: I told her you were a sensible woman—that you'd understand and give me a divorce. I told her you'd not want

Peter: Somehow it won't seem right—living in this house without you. You planned it—you made it the home it is. Another woman wouldn't fit in.

Lois: Peter, how silly! Myra will make the dearest little housewife in the world as soon as she gets adjusted. And I can't wait for her to bring her darling little poodle over and get him established. That will make things so home-like.

Peter: (in horror) *Poodle!!*

Lois: Hasn't she told you? I guess she forgot to. I was talking to her yesterday over the phone—just a little matter about the furniture—and she told me that her father—or didn't you say step-father?—had given her the cutest little poodle! He's probably sorry for that time he struck her. The stepfather, I mean. Not the poodle.

Peter: (frantically) But Lois, you know I can't abide poodles!

Lois: You'll soon learn to love the little thing. Don't be so old-fashioned, Peter. Everyone has poodles nowadays.

Peter: But *you've* never had a poodle!

Lois: Well, no, I didn't, but I dare say our life would have been much happier if I had had one.

Peter: (fiercely) It would have been miserable! But Lois, what do you mean "our life would have been much happier?" Haven't we been happy together? Hasn't our life been all that a man and woman could want?

Lois: Why of course, Peter. You make a splendid husband. It is true you forget a few little things now and then, like the carrots, but on the whole you're very satisfactory. As I was saying to Myra—

Peter: Leave Myra out of this right now. Lois, you've been the most wonderful wife a man ever had. So thoughtful—so—

Lois: Which reminds me, dear. I *mustn't* forget to remind Myra to make you take your toothache drops regularly. You're *so* forgetful, and the doctor said—

Peter: Lois, please listen to me! I want you to know I'll never forget you—never!

Lois: (laughing merrily) Forget me? Well, I should hope not! When I'm living just around the corner and running in every day or so, you'll hardly have a chance.

Peter: (in amazement) Living just around the corner!

Lois: Why, of course. As soon as Gerald and I are married—

Peter: (rising from his chair and speaking with terrible emphasis) As soon as . . . WHAT?

Lois: As soon as I marry Gerald. Goodness, Peter, don't stand there staring at me like a madman. Haven't I mentioned that to you before?

Peter: (savagely) You have not!

Lois: (innocently) Well, well. It must have slipped my mind. I've been so interested in getting you and Myra settled, I suppose I forgot to mention it.

Peter: (with controlled deliberateness) And who, might I ask, is Gerald?

Lois: Now, Peter, don't tell me you don't remember Gerald! he was that good-looking boy with all the money that I was almost engaged to before I married you. (reflectively) I declare, it nearly broke Gerald's heart when I married you. I never will forget the time he threatened to shoot himself, and another time when he—but there! That's off the subject. I thought you'd be glad to know that Gerald and I are buying a house very close by, so we can see you and Myra just lots.

Peter: (with ominous calm) Would you mind explaining how you started seeing this Gerald again, and *why* you're going to marry him?

Lois: Oh, I'd love to tell you all about it, Peter. I'm sure you'll be awfully sympathetic. I met Gerald the other day when I was on my way to see the man about the leak in the radiator. And that reminds me, do tell Myra to send that man his bill on the first of the month. He can be so disagreeable—so really unpleasant—

Peter: (impatiently) Will you stick to the point and tell me about Gerald?

Lois: Well, of course we were very glad to see each other, having been so intimate at one time, and he happened to ask about you—Gerald is so thoughtful in those little ways—and so I told him how a great love had come into your life, and soul had mated with soul. He was really awfully interested. Then he suggested that he might drop around to see me, and he's been coming pretty regularly lately. (she smiles winningly at him) You're always so occupied with Myra in the evenings, I suppose that's why you two never happened to run into each other here at the house.

Peter: (biting his lip savagely) And so you really love this bird?

Lois: Why, of course, Peter. What a question!

Peter: Do you really mean you'd give up our home—all we've meant to one another—for some egg with a lot of money?

Lois: (opening her eyes wide) Why, Peter, it's you who are giving me up! And Gerald isn't really an egg at all. He has beautiful manners and lovely hair. He's really—

Peter: I don't care what he is. He's not good enough for you.

Lois: That's what he says, but then he's so modest. That's one of the things I love about him. Another thing is—

Peter: Lois, are you *sure* you know what you're doing? Don't make a mistake! Can you have forgotten our love so quickly?

Lois: Really Peter, you're most unreasonable. Aren't you sure you want to marry Myra? And haven't you forgotten too? Aren't we modern, sensible people of the twentieth century? No sentimental foolishness about *us*! (Peter slumps down in his chair, his hands in his pocket, an angry and hurt look on his boyish face)

Lois: (glancing at clock) Peter! You're going to be ever so late for work. Run along quickly!

Peter: (picks up his hat and walks slowly to the door. There he pauses, turns around, and speaks in a pleading voice) Lois—

Lois: (cheerfully) Good-bye, dear. Don't be late for dinner, and don't forget to give Myra my love!

(Peter goes out slamming the door behind him. As Lois begins to remove the breakfast dishes from the table, she is humming a little tune to herself.)

Scene III

Afternoon of the same day as scene II. Lois is sitting in her living room talking to Peter's Great-Aunt Lottie who is a most eccentric and erratic old lady, irascible and peppery, but surprisingly softhearted and tender underneath it all. They are having tea together.

Aunt L.: Stuff and nonsense! You and Peter can't get a divorce!

Lois: I'm afraid there's not much else we can do, Aunt Lottie.

Aunt L.: (shaking her white curls vigorously) I'll not have it! I'll cut Peter off from his share of my inheritance, do you hear? I'll not allow it!

Lois: Don't you want him to be happy?

Aunt L.: Happy? Why, of course, you silly child. That's why you can't get a divorce.

Lois: But he loves the other woman, Aunt Lottie. You seem to forget that.

Aunt L.: Lois, you're an idiot. Peter's never loved anyone but you, and either you know it, or else you're not as smart a woman as I thought you.

Lois: Then what should I do when he *thinks* he loves her?

Aunt L.: Peter's a baby. All men are babies—they don't know their own minds. That's what we women are for—to make up their minds for them. When a man marries, he simply ties himself on to some capable female who will steer him safely past all of life's difficulties. Why, whatever in the world would become of your Uncle Dick if I'd let him run off every time he thought he was in love! He'd have led a miserable life. But as it was, I soon learned how to manage him, and he lived a happy, contented fifty years with me—God rest his soul! And it does seem to me you would have learned how to manage Peter by this time—especially when he's such a moron.

Lois: (indignantly) He's not a moron! He's a darling—a lamb—and I love him!

Aunt L.: (complacently arranging the numerous folds of her black silk dress) Keep him then. You can do it.

Lois: (hesitatingly) Y - - - es, I believe I can. But it seems so unfair, Aunt Lottie to scheme and plan behind his back—to play tricks to hold him. If he wants to go, he should be allowed to. I shouldn't interfere.

Aunt L.: Tommyrot! How can he possibly know what he wants? He's nothing but a man. If he really did leave you, he'd be a raving maniac in twenty-four hours. Peter can't anymore get along without you than a fish without water.

Lois: Well, you're awfully encouraging, and you make me feel better about the little deception I've been practicing for Peter's benefit.

Aunt L.: (approvingly) Now that's the way I like to hear you talk, child. Let me in on your deception.

Lois: (depreciatingly) It's nothing—really. Only the time-honored device of introducing another man into the situation.

Aunt L.: (nodding wisely) A device that only grows better with time. Tell me more.

Lois: There's not much more. I've told Peter that an old flame of mine has asked me to marry him after the divorce, and that I've accepted. (smiling) And I must admit, Peter seemed a little upset about it this morning.

Aunt L.: And very right and natural that he should. He'll forget that baby-faced nincompoop in no time. But, Lois, what will you do if you have to produce your new lover?

Lois: I really don't know. I've not planned that far ahead.

Aunt L.: (rising) Well, I must go. You two silly young things patch up your quarrel and come to dinner with me next Tuesday night. And listen to me, Lois, don't ever fool yourself into thinking Peter knows what's best for him, for he doesn't.

Lois: (submissively) Yes, Aunt Lottie. And thank you so much for coming. (Aunt Lottie rustles her imperial way out the door, and Lois is starting to remove the tea things when a quick step is heard outside, and Peter literally bursts in.)

Peter: (almost shouting) So! *He's* been here! I didn't guess wrong for once!

Lois: (dropping the tea cup in her hand) Peter, don't scream at me! What in the world are you talking about, and what are you doing home at this time of the day?

Peter: (misery in his voice and eyes) I came home, Lois, because I couldn't stand to think that maybe he was here with you—talking to you—looking at you—even kissing you—taking my place with you. And I see (looking at the tea table laid for two) that I was right. He *has* been here.

Lois: (comprehension dawning on her face) And does it matter, Peter?

Peter: Matter! More than anything else in all this world!

Lois: Myra would hardly like to hear you say that.

Peter: (miserably) Lois, I came to tell you—about Myra—I made a mistake. I . . . I don't love her. I guess it was infatuation or something. I couldn't go on with her—not when I saw what it would mean to lose you.

Lois: But the aged mother, Peter, and the stepfather?

Peter: (fiercely) Lois, if you mention that family again, I'll wring your pretty neck. I don't believe she ever had a stepfather, and her mother probably looks young enough to be her sister. Oh, Lois, how can I make you believe

or understand me? I don't know why I ever thought I loved her, but I've known definitely today that I never did. I think it was the poodle that was the final touch. But she and her poodles and stepfathers and aged mothers can go to the devil now—you're the only thing that matters. You're the only one who can make my life worth living.

Lois: Have you told her that, Peter?

Peter: Yes, just a little while ago.

Lois: And wasn't she awfully upset over deep not calling to deep any more?

Peter: I don't know. She raised a fearful scene, but it's all over now. She's quit the office, and I've paid her a month's salary, and I hope to the Lord I never see her again. Then I hurried home to you, Lois, only to be reminded—you're no longer mine. What a fool I've been: What a blundering, idiotic fool! (he buries his face in his hands.)

Lois: (softly) Yes, Peter dear, you have.

Peter: (starts up suddenly and seizes her by the shoulders) I don't care, you *can't* marry another man! You're mine—don't you see? Oh, Lois, don't leave me! It seems as if I've only just discovered how much I love you.

Lois: Peter, what would you do if I were to break up with Gerald?

Peter: Do? I'd spend my life trying to make you the happiest woman in the world. Trying to make you glad you married me. Trying to make you forget what a sap I've been. Lois, will you? Oh, will you?

Lois: (a smile lighting her eyes and curling her lips) Yes, Peter.

Peter: (gathers her close in his arms) Will you write him this very night and tell him?

Lois: (meekly) Yes, Peter.

Peter: You don't love him, do you, darling? You never really loved him, did you? Oh, Lois, you do love me, don't you?

Lois: (her voice muffled against his coat collar) Yes, Peter.

Peter: Do you forgive me, dearest, for being such a boob?

Lois: (same) Yes, Peter.

Peter: Promise me, Lois, that Gerald and Myras and poodles and aged mothers and stepfathers will never be mentioned again in this house.

Lois: (even more muffled) Yes, Peter.

Peter: My darling!

Lois: Yes, Pe - - -

(nature of interruption to be supplied by imagination of reader)

CURTAIN

Hail, Wesleyan

QUINETTE PRENTISS

*Hail, Wesleyan, the emblem of all that
is grand,
The noblest, the finest in all this fair
land;
Thine ideals are honored, thy name
always blest,
The fountain of knowledge the oldest
and best.*

Steeped in fine old history and tradition and backed by an unchallenged priority claim as the oldest chartered college in the world to confer a degree upon women, Wesleyan College calls upon Macon to re-echo with her the strains of her Alma Mater.

For already out of Macon have come noble support and whole-hearted endeavor from the most enterprising of Macon's business men and women, who accepted division leadership in the drive for a million dollars; already the Greater

Wesleyan campaign in Macon has reached its half total mark and it is now that Wesleyan knows she cannot fail.

Wesleyan on the hill has the entire city holding up her arms in battle. On another hill far away Moses, the faithful leader of the Israelitish peoples, long ago failed not because there were those to strengthen and uphold him in battle.

Why should more than 300 young women who present perfect entrance requirements be turned away annually from Wesleyan College? Is there one would can fail to see that the day of Wesleyan's greatest usefulness is at hand? Although her conditions are crowded, because the equipment and buildings are wholly inadequate, no one denies the power and influence of the lives of the three thousand graduates, who in the past years have gone out from her college walls? Of these three thou-

sand, there are two physicians, two lawyers, ten librarians, ten journalists, forty missionaries, 329 teachers and 2,250 home builders.

But Wesleyan is not satisfied with her accomplishments. She is not willing to sit calmly down and bask in the sunshine of past glories e'er they fade. Wesleyan wants to pass on to nobler and higher goals of achievement. And when she has progressed, which she will do with a full quota response to the campaign, she wants to look back over the fast receding rim of the years and say:

"I did it not! Macon, the people of Georgia, the people of the South, builded this Greater Wesleyan—a Greater Wesleyan whose embodiment is a lasting testimonial of an enduring investment, 'which neither moth nor dust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal'."

Beauty and Shackles

CARROLL BOYD, '28

(Mrs. W. P. English)

Fort Myers, Fla.

Macon Telegraph, May 11, '28.



IS a common weakness among us human beings to consider the world's deepest injustice or darkest tragedy to be in our own lives.

There is a bright-eyed, dark-haired young man who drives a mule team down Georgia avenue every afternoon before sun-down. The mules are strong and stubborn and it takes all the fellow's strength to manage his wagon, which is always full of passengers—passengers somewhat like himself, yet different. All the men wear stripes of black and white, and shackles. He never min-

gles with them in conversation on the homeward way after the day's labor is over, but bends his undivided attention upon his driving, reins clenched tightly in heavy leathern gloves, lean body braced taut as the heavy wagon lumbers down hill.

It makes no difference what the weather is, the same caravan passes down Georgia avenue in the evening. One afternoon it was raining. The streets were slick and wet. The team was doubly hard to manage. Little rivulets washed the dust and dirt from the high brow of the bare-headed driver of the lead wagon, and torrents drenched his clothes

making his stripes stick to his brawny back.

One misstep of a mule, one skid of a wheel might prove fatal, but the young driver drove this afternoon in the rain with one hand. He sat sideways in his seat, catching the torrents full on his shoulders, which were hunched over something held close in the crook of his left arm. It was two snowy white magnolia blossoms that the young convict was shielding from the wind and rain.

Many a dweller on that same street looked out into the storm and cursed the weather which had wet their shoes and muddled their plans for the evening.

Victory

Prize winning poem in Wesleyan contest judged by Miss Katherine Carnes, Dr. G. W. Gignilliat and Mr. D. R. Hutcherson

VIRGINIA HILL

(Being a study of what I see as the goal of a woman's college, where is taught something beyond lessons, something beyond manners, something of the essence of the world.)

Morning was young
when I arose out of
the grass atop this hill,
Out of the earth, out
of the rocks,—against
the sky, aflaming and still.
Against the sky stretched
round the world
that God can finger
like a ball
And bounce and toss
and whirl about, though
we cannot see God at all,—
I stood and cried. I felt
the grass turn green,
the sky burn blue and bright,
The waning stars shoot
colored sparks while I
I alone was cool and white.
I shouted—dazes—"What
place is this? It cannot
be that I have died!
It cannot be—yet
round me here is
life, while my own
bleached side
Can't even feel my
frantic touch, nor
can my hand. Oh,
God! Oh, God!"
—Then Something moved
and Something said:
"You're infinity of the sod,
You're all humanity
has been. You are the
future's favored child.
You are the present's
throbbing joy, its
Youth—untamed, but gently wild.

The Voice—oh, lovely
was its tone—slipped
back, and I forgot to fear,
I even laughed and
moved my head and
sang to see the sun so near.

I sang to watch its
yellow stream slide
down to lean against a tree—
"Dare I", I whispered, "do
the same?" and adventure
yielded me.

I pressed my back close
to the bark; and lo!
there came into my spine

The warming, living, upward
flow of God's
creating in a pine.

"Now I am really quite alive."
I cried, "—and, oh, it is
such fun!

There's so much I must
do and do; swift clouds
to race, new paths to run!"

I wandered, humming,
through the woods until
I'd reached a crystal spring—

Straightway jumped I into
its arms and coaxed
them to around me fling.

We laughed, the daring
stream and I,—a
singing girl, a whistling boy;

We laughed—two gods—
in ecstasy—who'd
never known just human joy.

I pulled myself onto
the bank and felt
the sand between my toes

I stepped into my gay
white drape, and in
my dripping hair two rows

Of myrtle, wound into a wreath,
I placed. Late it was
and the day
Had nearly lived its highest
sun. How short it seemed
for one so gay!

I wandered, humming through
the woods, until I'd
reached my mountain-top.
I wandered—happy, still,—and
yet sickened by joy I
could not stop.

Feeling my body ache with
life, I who was Youth,
too-quickly strong

Born of noble truth and
beauty, burdened with
wonder and with song.

I grew restless with con-
tentment, and faint
with heaven's sun so close

When, all at once, there came
to me, the shuffling of
a thousand hosts

From somewhere far below
my world. I trembled,
then, to hear the sound—

Yet I was glad and unafraid.
I felt the moving of the
ground—

I dared to lean out o'er the
edge, and when I saw the
million men

I pitied them. I loved them all
My heart, my soul both took
them in,

While I got down on my hands
and knees and conquered
space with one great shout

And waved the world to
come to me. Hardly a
head was turned about.

Hardly a ear received my
cry, or if it did, it
heeded not.

But raised its hand and
brushed it by

As part of its own din and
noise. I would have stopped
had I not seen

Sorrow chained to a million wrists,
sorrow and shame and
dreams turned green

With their own mold. I would
have left, but some deep
part of me could feel

Hate writhing and I longed to
strip it away. I began to reel

At just the thought; but I
stood up and heard Life's
order to descend

I, cool and white, with
myrtle leaves—too gay
to compromise or lend

My joy—struck a torch
from the sun, and thrust
my feet in purple boots

And started down the tumbling
path whose rough gray
stones and grasping roots

Grew dear to me. And step
by step new power seized
me on the way.

"Why, I am valiant youth," I said
I've seen the morning; this is day.

Oh, I am very, very brave, said
I. I rushed into the throng,

I raised my burning torch
on high and fired man-
kind with unsung song.

I drew all, crying, to my heart
and kissed a thousand
aged heads.

I ran some kites for little
boys and dropped rose
petals in girls beds.

I rimmed all shaking beggar
cups of strained porcelain or tin

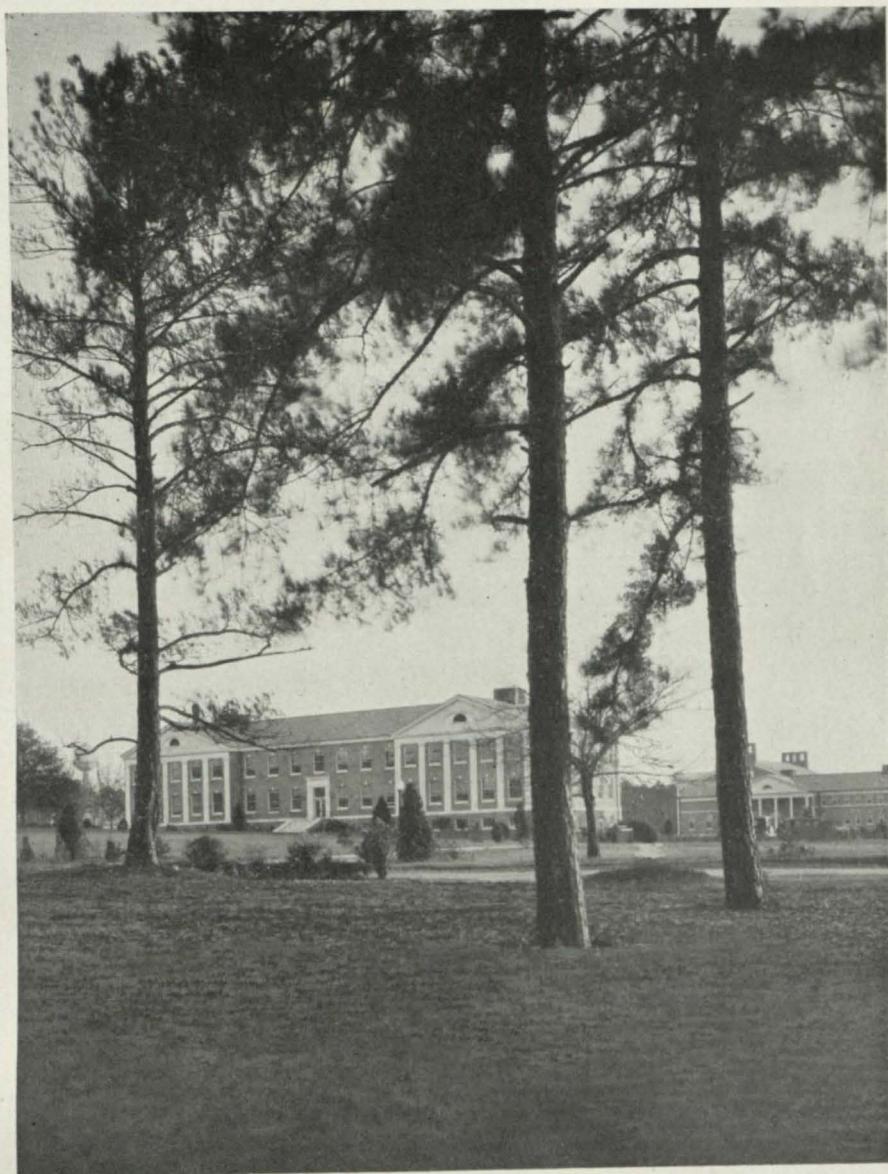
With tiny garlands of flowers
and dropped bright gold
and beauty in.

But when I reached a field
of war, alive with crawling

men in pain,
I left my boots and lovely
torch and kicked and
struck it, and again
I beat it with my hardened
fists until I'd smothered
every flame
And all the ashes from that
fire of cruel hate and
ugly shame—
Then to my gladdened eyes

arose the wounded and
the dead. Release
Made each a soul again. Up, up climbed
we pushed on by wind of peace—
The stones and daises breathed beneath—
the world was all that mortals
mind—
And we in triumph touched the sky,
at last—the world was gentle and
kind.

Virginia Hill



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